MAY 20-25

FREE ISSUE

REAL STORIES, HOLLYWOOD STARDOM & WHAT TO LOOK OUT FOR EVERY SO OFTEN!

tln

the local

noodle

AK: on drugs

CECE'S COLON-OSCOPY TIPS

SENIOR EXCLUSIVE

THE GRADUATES TELL ALL

LIES, SEX, SCANDAL SENIOR CRASHOUT

Shen Yun Unveiled as New Middlebury Dance Crew

Shen Yun, the performance troupe infamous for owning every billboard in a city near you, has been revealed as the newest dance team at Middlebury College. The group's leaders: the men trying to bring back KDR. They hoped to depict "5,000 years of civilization reborn," or at least the good ole days before they banned all the frats at Middlebury and "all the broads weren't so fucking whiny."

Several students questioned why Middlebury needed another dance team when two was "more than enough." One aspiring Shen Yun dancer, Sig Nu '26.5, scoffed at the claims and told Noodle correspondents that "Midd kids must see the horrors of communism" and "on god I fw Chinese traditional dance."

The dance crew did flash mobs at all three Middlebury dining halls ahead of their two shows on Friday evening. They performed to the tune of 香蜜沉沉燼如霜, preaching the invisible hand while dancing the 雅樂. The troupe's leader, Stove McCarthy '25, cut the music and announced "hear ye, hear ye. Ni hao, 朋友和恋人. Come swing by Wilson Hall and let's inspire a new chapter of the Red Scare!"

In response to Shen Yun's presence on campus, Evo choreographed a Bolshevik protest dance representing the proletariat rising up against the bourgeoisie and seizing the means of production. One student, Mark Cyst '28, praised the performance, saying "they were shaking ass for the revolution." RIDDIM, with its classic need to one-up the other dance troupe, went even further and started killing all of the town's landlords.

Commencement Speaker Choice Reflects College's New Values

Reports that the College had chosen an investment banker from Greenwich, Connecticut, as the Class of 2025's Commencement Speaker were met with raucous applause from Middlebury students relieved to find that the College's commitment to civic engagement was a load of bullshit.

"I knew all those volunteer hours were for nothing!" Brad Actor, class of '25, exclaimed excitedly. "Now, with Middlebury's full-hearted blessing, I can finally stop pretending to care about the state of the world and instead focus on my true passion: making money."

"What we're trying to signal with this choice of speaker is that we have absolutely no balls whatsoever," Interim President Steve Snyder told the Noodle on Monday morning. "We want to urge this next generation of academic thinkers to abandon all that idealist shit, take the money, and run. Why platform do-gooder nerds like doctors, investigative journalists, and researchers when we could instead shine a light on the noble and oft overlooked profession of investment banking?"

Middlebury's CFO added, "In a time when systems of government are being disassembled, academic institutions are being threatened, and socioeconomic polarization is at its height, I can think of no better person to speak to these issues than Mr. Davis, whose net worth far exceeds the GDP of the island nation of Kiribati."

Students on the commencement speaker selection committee were similarly enthused. "I joined the Honorary Degrees Committee because I wanted to make sure that the seniors had a say in who their commencement speaker would be, which is why I'm so glad that the administration completely bypassed our quite reasonable suggestions and stuck us with this guy instead. Democracy!"

The Great Replacement: Non-Practicing Bisexuals Set to Outnumber Gays at Lavender Grad

A blind panic and hate-inducing fear has fallen on top of and underneath Middlebury's gay community in recent days, as the administration verified reports of non-practicing bisexuals making up over half of this year's Lavender Graduates. Despite the College's appeals to acceptance and inclusivity, members of Middlebury's LGBTQIA community who have actually kissed someone of the same gender expressed feelings of abandonment, saying they're being left behind by an institution that has slowly let "tik tok gays" displace them.

The term, coined by Richard Uhpass, refers to the large metro sexual demographic on campus. "It's a fucking invasion", says Uhpass. "These bisexuals—if we can even call them that—claim they're 'being brave,' that 'they love who they love.' Horseshit. You put on your tiny hoops and your pretty sweater vests and suddenly think you can claim that Role Model makes you horny." Other Girl in Red fans have expressed similar concerns, sharing worries that the event's Korean Barbeque and free margs may have had too large of a pull.

Newly out senior, Daisy Merollin, poses a strong opposition. "I always said I was like, gay," she whispered, crouching on the cold stone floor of the Atwater dining bathroom. "But then I had one too many at bar night and I actually like … kissed … a girl." Merollin continued, "You know how things go. Let me just say, squirt is definitely not pee." When asked about the now significantly larger pool of non-straight identifying seniors, Hesa Tokengaye '28.5 was quick to chime in from the stall over. "This experiment bullshit is fire. I'm swimming in it."

In such a trying time, with Lavender Graduation being challenged by the influx of gay, the administration has been hard pressed to resolve seating capacity issues. After being prompted to make a statement, they said simply, "No homo."

Middlebury to Follow in Harvard's Footsteps

In response to the Trump administration's increasing pressure on Harvard and Columbia, the Middlebury DEI Office released this statement at 2:08AM Sunday:

The great universities of our nation — Harvard, Columbia, Middlebury — have been equally and unfairly attacked for the good works they do. As a "Smol Little Ivy" we stand with our (older) brothers and sisters in the "Big Fat Ivies." The Trump administration claims they promote anti-semitism. Pah! We have, historically, on a per capita basis, been MUCH better at promoting anti-semitism. They claim that the Big Fat Ivies are woke – we are woker! We admitted femoids, Irishmen, and other undesirables long before Harvard or the tragically misnamed 'Brown University.' And the saying goes 'Pale, Male, and Yale', not 'Pale, Male and Middlebury'. Also, we are totally elite and our graduates do make an impact by promoting wokeness and generally being powerful and malicious. No, they DO NOT all end up as therapists-in-residence on lesbian communally owned horse farms – that was just the statistical outlier of the class of '95! They actually are in positions to make significant WOKE impacts! WE ARE IMPORTANT OK NOTICE US!!!!

Anyway, since we've established that we are important and shit you should tax us too! Bring it! We're ready! We have the third best legal team in Vermont, bitch! And to our colleagues and respected equals at Harvard, Columbia and White – sorry, I mean *Brown* – we hope you notice our contribution to the joint struggle.

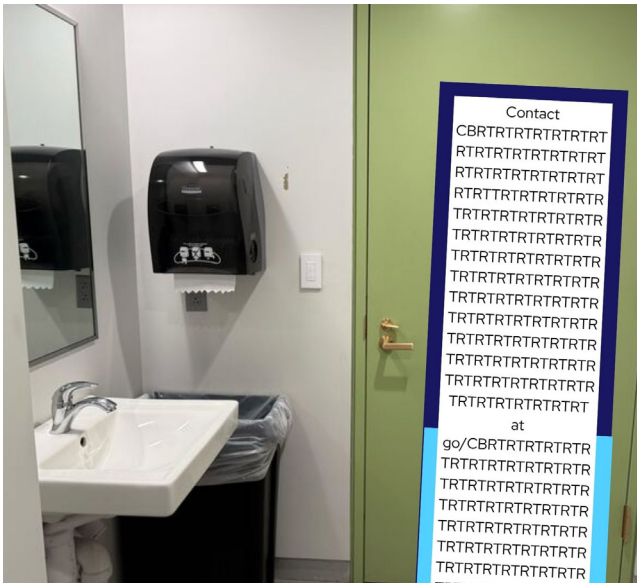
When reached for comment, a Trump official replied, "I think we're gonna impose a 325% tariff on Equatorial Guinea. Lmao."

The Local Noodle

CASSIE ELISH *Editor-in-Chief*
CECE CALDWELL *Herbaceous*
ANDY CAO *Signing Off XOXO*
ALISTAIR NALLE *"Do I get one?"*
JOEY DISORBO *Permanent Leave*
OLIVIA CHEN *Let's Eat Grandma*
JIM REILY *Bail Intern*
GEORGIA CROSBY *Obnoxious B*tch*
SOFIA SUTTER *Leprochaun*
HARRY GRIFF *Use Code CYBRMNDY*
DANIEL ALEJANDRO *Arazanles*
PATRICK HENDERSON *Sweating Bullets*
BRIDGET GRAY *Cantaloupe*
SKY ROBERTS-SALVADOR *Of the Month*
GINGER HANLON *Tyrant, Rising*
JACK COLGATE *Shame Intern*
THEO MCDONOUGH *Count Furcula*
JACOB COLLIER *Crusty Old Critter*
AK PELLETIER *The End Has No End*
NINA KELLOGG *Up-and-Coming*
NED CUTLER *Gurt*
HAZEL HENDLER *Baby Wagon*
BENJAMIN JOSEPH *Prime Minister*
MAYA GERSTENBLUTH *Muse*
DYLAN O'CONNOR *Stanky Leg*
JONATHAN BROOKS *Doomsday Prepper*

Middlebury's only news source. Since 1800.

Community Bias Response Team Gets Community Bias Response Teamed



Middlebury's Community Bias Response Team (CBRT) found itself in a nightmare of recursion this week after the creation of the Community Bias Response Team Response Team.

"We created the Community Bias Response Team Response Team once we realized that the Community Bias Response Team is itself lacking a non-disciplinary, restorative justice-focused governing body," Jane Smith, class of '27, explained. "We wanted to create an additional organizational body that could monitor what CBRT was doing and add on a few notes and suggestions – just to make sure that they aren't the only response team on campus, you know."

However, the original Community Bias Response Team has not taken the formation of CBRTRT well, and, in head-scratching retribution, created a new task force to tackle the growing animosity between the two organizations: the Community Bias Response Team Response Team Response Team, or CBRTRTRT for short. "CBRTRTRT was created to arbitrate the mounting conflict between CBRT and CBRTRT and defend CBRT's mission against inane copycats with nothing better to do," the head of CBRT and CBRTRTRT explained. "Let there be no doubt: there can only be one CBRT. And we are it."

Smith disagrees. "The formation of the Community Bias Response Team Response Team Response Team was an undue escalation that shows how insecure the Community Bias Response Team is in their position as the sole response team of the college. We have no choice but to now create the Community Bias Response Team Response Team Response Team Response Team, which will monitor the Community Bias Response Team Response Team Response Team Response Team's monitoring of the Community Bias Response Team Response Team, which, of course, was created to monitor the Community Bias Response Team itself."

Even More Pragmatic Reasons for Middlebury to "Do the Right Thing"

Recently, econ professors caused a stir when they published an op-ed in the Campus decrying the unfair suspension of 401(k) benefits. However, less people know that, on top of the loss of thousands of dollars in retirement funds, penis-bearing Middlebury professors who joined the college before 2017 were also promised the return of their genital regions upon retirement – a promise that the college has since broken.

Mr. Penis, investigative reporter for the Noodle, explained his findings: "What they don't tell you about working at Middlebury College is that, before 2017, incoming male professors underwent full genital castration immediately after signing their onboarding contracts, with the promise that they would get their dicks back upon retirement. Professors were urged to think about how much more useful having their dicks would be in the future as opposed to having their dicks now. However, with recent budget cuts, the Middlebury administration has reneged on their word, and is now keeping these professors' dicks, despite their ardent protests."

"This is so unfair. I want my dick back," the Stephen J. Hawking Professor Emeritus of Applied Mathematics complained to the Noodle. "When I was hired here, administrators assured me that the castration would be temporary, and urged me to consider the benefits of eunuch life. 'Live as a pauper now, as a king later,' they said!"

Professors demanding the immediate return of their dicks have started a GoFundMe to help their cause, entitled "No Castration Without Representation." All donations will support the surgical re-grafting of their genital regions onto their bodies, a risky and painful process that will most certainly take place in the Makerspace.

When the Noodle contacted Mona Baggs, Chief Financial Officer of the College, for comment, she responded with a prepared statement: "Middlebury reserves the right to retain any and all phalluses willingly given to the College." Further investigation reveals that all dicks previously belonging to professors have been sent to the MIIS to address an urgent gential shortage, and will probably never be seen again.

Students may not know that Middlebury is the only small liberal arts college to have created a substance banned by the Geneva Convention for human rights violations (Athletic Brewing Co.)

Amidst Job Insecurity, CCI Unveils Adult Film Industry Internships

In light of recent job and internship freezes around the United States, to best assist their students Middlebury's Center for Careers and Internships (CCI) has collaborated with an array of commercial adult websites such as Pornhub, Chaturbate, and YouJizz to provide alternative opportunities for this upcoming summer.

After receiving his acceptance as a Pornhub Client Relations Intern for Summer 2025, Naaste Foq '27 informed his LinkedIn fans that he is "so excited! This is my destiny; I'm a fucking Foq and have long embraced my family legacy, so whether it's a girthy shaft or some clapping labium I am ready for it all, always strapped up and I am not talking about a firearm." As he got up to exit the interview we noticed that he had cummed himself.

Both Foq and his Forest sinkmate, Siton Deefatahh Nuuts '26, expressed heartfelt gratitude to Pornhub and the CCI in their posts. "When I lost my internship at the State Department this summer, there was only one place I could turn. I'm so grateful for YouJizz for stepping up in my time of need," Nuuts said. Added Foq: "We'd like to especially thank Bigole Tiddies, B.B. Cee and other mentors in the field who have provided much insight (and a little head, tbh) throughout the process. Also, shout out to the CCI for always giving their students a helping hand, even during these hard times."

Middlebury Biology Student Exposed for Releasing Laxative in Davis Library

The Spring Symposium brought horrifying news to many Middlebury staff and students as Biology major, Tooty Sharter '25, presented her thesis on the bowel effects of releasing a vaporized laxative into Davis Family Library. While many students scapegoated their frequent trips to the lib throne on IBS, financial troubles, or sticking that vibrator too deep, they were shocked to discover the true cause: ingesting aerosol Miralax for years on end.

Ever walked into a booked study room that smelled like ripe asscheek? Witnessed the mute dweeb in your philosophy class hauling tush to the John? You can thank future physician, Sharter. "This was a really revelatory and spiritual process for me," said Sharter, showing off her collection of stool samples. When asked what information was gathered from the feces, Sharter replied "we use the five senses technique to analyze each morsel, tracking the speed and velocity with which it ejected from the bootay. It's just casual research. I mean, we didn't put like cameras in the bathroom or anything like that."

"I mean I always take the BIGGEST dumps during my Davis study seshes. This was honestly a huge relief to hear," said Dia Rhea '26, while on the phone canceling her $700 natural healing gastroenterologist appointment.

New posters advertising the Health Center have taken a fatphobic turn.

Tav Jacket Pisser Remains at Large Following Uncooperative Bystander

Law enforcement authorities are reporting difficulties in their investigation into the identity of the infamous Tav jacket pisser. Afflicted community members were hopeful in their pursuit of justice after the rumor of a star eyewitness emerged in the weeks ensuing the incident. However, their optimism ended shortly thereafter.

The case's key witness: a Jehovah's witness. Noodle correspondents report that Ding Dong '27 knocked on Middlebury police station doors and claimed he had an important message to share. Dong then proceeded to edge the detectives, describing how he had been enlightened by Jehovah, who in turn allowed him to walk by Tav exactly when that dude was showering all those coats with his golden arch. However, when asked if he got a good look at the assailant's face, he replied that the only face that really mattered was that of "our lord and savior," and that the police officers were "showing too much skin."

Authorities pleaded for answers. Dong simply replied "nuh uh" and "have you heard about the wonderful things that God's Kingdom will do for mankind?" Police concluded their questions when Dong asserted that "snitches get stitches, bitches," and refused to elaborate further.

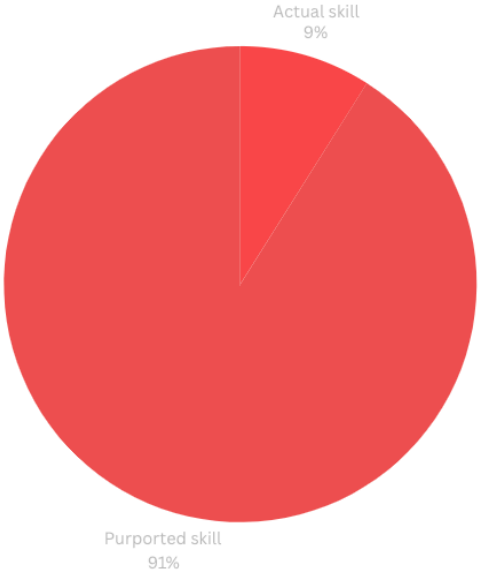
Shortly thereafter, rumors swirled around campus about his lack of cooperation with authorities. Some students came together to praise Dong's refusal to rat, eventually chanting "Free Tay-K" en masse. However, angry students whose jackets were ruined by the anonymous serial pisser confronted Dong one morning outside Proctor. The exchange concluded when Dong stormed off and screamed "none of you guys are invited to my birthday party." Noodle correspondents confirmed that unfortunately, he wasn't either.

r/isthisracist?
thelocalnoodle

The Afropop band at Middlebury has like no Black people in it... Just a bunch of quirked up white boys who can't stand up straight. Feels... off? But idk like is this racist? Chat pls lmk- go/isthisracist?/

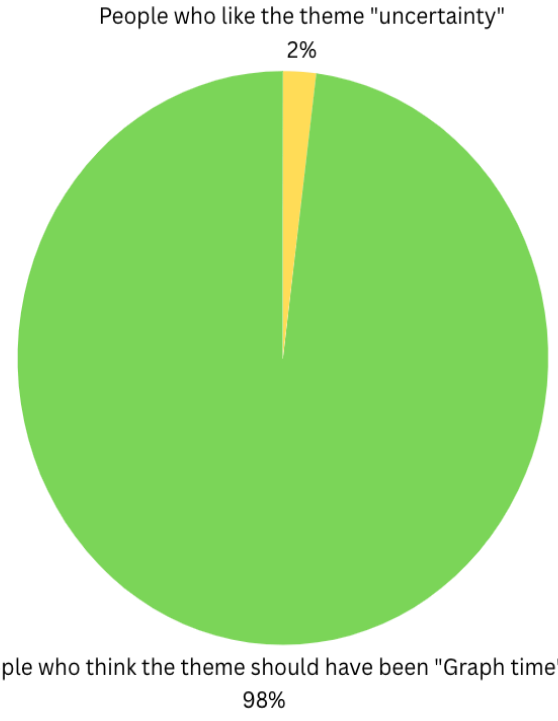
20 0 Share

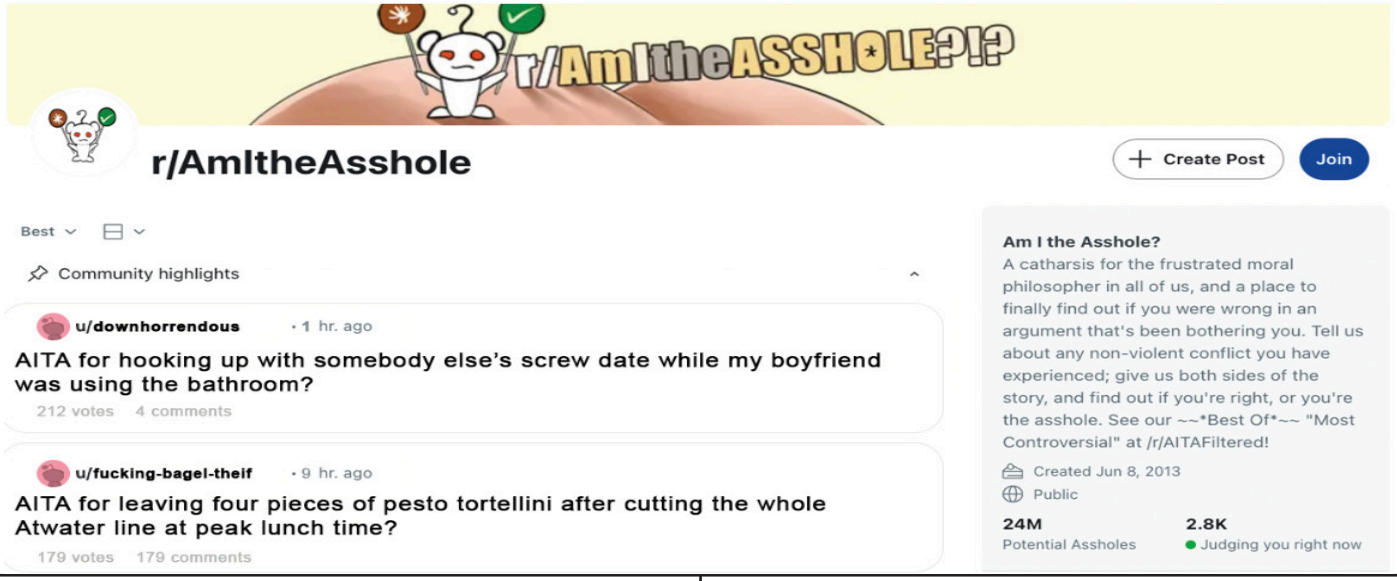
Data Visualization Skills among Middlebury Students



Like filling out personal surveys and getting bad graphs as a result? Be sure to fill out the Noodle's own Zeitgeist at go/Wildpinkler/! This is a real survey for scientific purposes.

Satisfaction with Zeitgeist Theme




r/AmItheASSHOLE?!?
r/AmItheAsshole
Create Post
Join
Best
Community highlights
u/downhorrendous · 1 hr. ago
AITA for hooking up with somebody else's screw date while my boyfriend was using the bathroom?
212 votes 4 comments
u/fucking-bagel-theif · 9 hr. ago
AITA for leaving four pieces of pesto tortellini after cutting the whole Atwater line at peak lunch time?
179 votes 179 comments
Am I the Asshole?
A catharsis for the frustrated moral philosopher in all of us, and a place to finally find out if you were wrong in an argument that's been bothering you. Tell us about any non-violent conflict you have experienced; give us both sides of the story, and find out if you're right, or you're the asshole. See our ~~*Best Of*~~ "Most Controversial" at /r/AITAFiltered!
Created Jun 8, 2013
Public
24M
Potential Assholes
2.8K
Judging you right now

Op Ed: Why do Guys Keep Trying to Get With Me at Bar Night?

I am like soooo sick and tired of guys making passes at me during Bar Night. Where do they get off??? Last Thursday, after I pre-gamed with a couple of White Claw Surges (I'm not blacked), and before I cut the line with all my friends, I spotted him. I don't even remember his name, but I know we've had a class together every semester since our first year seminar, 'Decolonizing Porn, in Spanish.'

He was looking kind of shitfaced. Since I have really strong maternal instincts, and I'm just a super social outgoing girl, I had to shimmy on over to his barstool the second we got downstairs, just to check in on the little guy.

So I'm talking to whatshisname, and he's thinking I'm sooo funny. Then the bartender walks over and asks him if he wants another." J A C K P O T. So obviously he slaps down his Amex (the heavy one, so we know it's generational) and orders me a double-shot skinny marg. I don't like need to watch my figure or anything, I just think skinny tastes better.

He's still laughing at my jokes, and I'm on my third free drink and fifth "Omg that's so cool." I very platonically and playfully shove his shoulder and accidentally graze my hand on his thigh. All of a sudden, he puts the card away. Oh fuck. It just so happens that my thirst is quenched, and there are only a few ice cubes left in my glass. Then he ruins everything. "You want to get out of here?"

"Woah tiger, where did you get that idea from! I have a boyfriend," I say as I hop off my bar stool. Waka Flocka's "No Hands" blares through the speakers. "Ugh, I love this song!" I say, hopping up to go find one of my many friends. And then my girlies and I proceeded to take up as much space as possible on the dance floor. Sarah was totally crazy. We only spilled two drinks! Best bar night ever!

Op Ed from the Editorial Board: Make Us the Pope

In light of Pope Francis's recent death, Local Noodle spent the past week at the Vatican rigorously interviewing potential successors before coming to the inevitable conclusion: for the world's next Pope, we can only endorse ourselves.

Indeed, several of our members abstained from casting a vote for any cardinal, as all candidates were lacking in niche writing skills, social capital, and a $360,000 liberal arts college education necessary to lead the Church. Take Cardinal Mateo Zuppi, for example– not only is he from a place called Bologna (the least delightful deli meat), he's also one person who is Italian and wrinkly. We, in contrast, are a group of 21 metrosexuals from far more cultured and historically relevant cities like Pittsfield, MA, covered in supple, bouncy skin. Furthermore, we as writers of satire are scholars in morality: it is impossible for any one of our patrons to form an ill opinion of us because we have actually never published anything offensive or questionable, ever.

Then comes the question of how any of the existing cardinals might behave if actually elected. Will they look cool wearing the papal regalia and insignia? Probably not. Would the papal robes not only look better on our hard little bodies, but also fit our Brooklyn-indie vibe and closets full of Cuban link chains better? Definitely. Does Matt Zuppo have the style necessary to not just wear, but style the holiest clothing of the Roman Catholic church? Of course not. He's dripless, and his diocese knows it.

For these reasons and others, we feel it is only just that our endorsement for the pope goes to ourselves. Habemus Papam! On God.

SENIOR SECTION

Op Ed from a Graduating Senior: No, I Do Not Have a Job. No, I Will Not be Looking for One.

No, I do not have a job. No, my family won't stop asking me about it.

Yes, I do have post-grad plans, and no, those plans don't involve me looking for a job. Yes, I have been reading Ted Kaczynski, and yes, I have been feeling very inspired.

No, Dad, I don't think the most efficient means for effective change is gainful employment. No, I don't want to work at the pool again this summer, that would be embarrassing, and no, the guerrilla-sabotage of the technocratic superstructure is not a "pet project" of mine.

Yes, "the leftist is antagonistic to the concept of competition because, deep inside, he feels like a loser." Yes, I am very fulfilled—no, I am not depressed.

No, Grandpa, I don't think the tone of your concern is genuine, and no, I will not be curbing my ketamine use after graduation.

Yes, Mom, you do still have a moral obligation to feed me, clothe me, house me, and allow me to repurpose your Amazon boxes to conceal my anthrax bombs from the techno-lords and vassals on my target list. Yes, I will take a grilled cheese with my bowl of tomato soup, thank you, and yes, I would appreciate it if you would cut it diagonally—you know I like my sandwiches cut fancy, it maximizes the good-bites and lets me save the crust for last.

Op Ed: I'm Gonna Fuck That Puppet

When I was at Nocturne last Saturday, high off of the double dose of rash cream I had applied to both boost my mood and keep my itchiness at bay, I stumbled into the showing of Weybridge House's "circus band" in Wilson Hall. What was this performance about, you might ask? I couldn't tell you. Cockroaches? Capitalism? The Cold War space race? Whatever. None of that is important. What I could tell you, however, is that they had the most magnificent, light-up puppet I have ever seen.

There I sat: slumped forward, glazed-eyed, open-mouthed, drooling out thick, dry spittle, when I was suddenly shaken from my stupor by the flapping hands of the puppet, as directed by a rather sticky-looking individual and two seemingly less important, less sticky individuals. In that moment, I felt a fire ignited in my soul that rapidly spread to my crotch. I was in love. Amidst the tiresome ramblings of the performers, the puppet would sway its head, and I could feel its eyes boring into me like the index and middle finger of an alien power. I imagined myself licking its soft red lips, caressing its mustache, and wrapping its long arms around me: the feeling was so overwhelming that I messied myself right there, criss-cross applesauce on the floor of Wilson Hall.

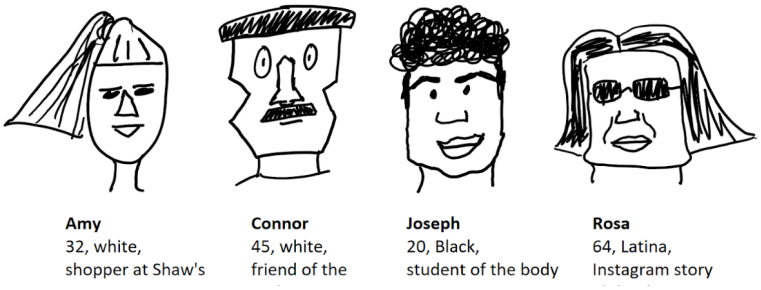
To make myself clear, I want to fuck that puppet, but I also want stand in the kitchen completely nude making shepard's pie with that puppet, buy a cheery colonial with an elm on the lawn for that puppet, raise and homeschool freckled little children with that puppet, and eventually be buried on the same plot of land with a joint headstone with that puppet. This is more than just fleeting lust. I'm committed.

And yet, when I inquired after the show with the nearest long-haired and shoeless individual, I was informed that the puppet "wasn't available for rent from outsiders." What??? Who are YOU, a pasty vegan mongrel, to deny ME access to the love of my life? I refuse to stand for this. Let the record show that I will be storming the Weybridge house at 1:30 pm tomorrow. I'm cuming, my love!

How 4 Independent Voters Think About Me, Andy Cao

Noodle Opinion reached out to independent voters across the country as part of our American Voices series. Here is what they had to say:

PARTICIPANTS



Amy
32, white,
shopper at Shaw's

Connor
45, white,
friend of the

Joseph
20, Black,
student of the body

Rosa
64, Latina,
Instagram story

Moderator, Andy Cao

Do you like my look today? Be really, really honest.

Joseph, 20, Black, student of the body

“Um...”

Rosa, 64, Latina, Instagram story philanthropist

“It’s terrifying.”

Connor, 45, white, friend of the podcast

“I feel like there’s a plan that’s been implemented. I’m just trusting the process.”

Amy, 32, white, shopper at Shaw’s

“Where am I? Who are you? Where did my groceries go?”

Moderator, Andy Cao

What’s, like, the least perfect thing about me? Heheh.

Amy, 32, white, shopper at Shaw’s

“Why am I chained to this chair? Let me go!”

Joseph, 20, Black, student of the body

“I’m concerned about what you’re doing at the border.”

Rosa, 64, Latina, Instagram story philanthropist

“You describe yourself as fiscally socialist and socially fascist.”

Connor, 45, white, friend of the podcast

“You’re queer, not in the gay way, but, like, in the weird way. I don’t like that.”

Moderator, Andy Cao

If you could ask me any question in the world, what would you ask?

Connor, 45, white, friend of the podcast

“Theoretically, isn’t every relationship with a biracial person considered interracial?”

Joseph, 20, Black, student of the body

“What’s your plan to combat domestic autism?”

Amy, 32, white, shopper at Shaw’s

“Somebody, help me! Please!”

Rosa, 64, Latina, Instagram story philanthropist

“Paws up, Little Monsters. Stream MAYHEM.”

Bold New Measures at Middlebury

With the coming of the first fresh breaths of spring, laden with mosquitoes and various other insects, a new regime dawns at Middlebury. And a bold one it will be! Its slogan? Simplification. Its goal? A new type of college, one whose example the rest of America cannot help but follow.

"We're just going to cut the bullshit," announced Interim President Steve "Friedrich Nietszche" Snyder. "None of you fucks are actually learning anything, none of you really want to, it's all an elaborate wink-wink nudge-nudge where you give us money and we give you a 'degree' that certifies that you are fit for the 'workforce', so you can go do some fake email job that an AI would do more efficiently than you, just like how Chat already does your homework.

So yeah – cut the crap, just pay to play. No college, no Proc, no 'Dean of First Year Experience,' no stupid club sports. Just pay us $320,000 – fuck that, how about $800,000 – and we'll find you a fake email job to leech off the actual productive segments of this country's population. And while we're at it, we'll send a prostitute to your house every month. Pack it up, Middlebury 'College.' You've served your purpose. We sell indulgences too, now, if you're into that."

Upon further reflection, President Steve "Caesar Augustus Imperator" Snyder added: "Actually, why don't you just kill yourself? How about that, you snivelling pathetic worms? You come here and waste our fucking time with your semiliterate 'essays' on Plato and international relations and other topics that you dysgenic molluscs could never even hope to understand, and expect As, and call your mommies and daddies if you don't get them, and we have to sit here and read this slop, and you live better than the kings and nobles of a century ago but you have the fucking gall to complain about the dining hall food you subhuman worthless pampered insects I FUCKING HOPE ALL OF YOU DIE OF HORRIBLE WASTING DISEASES."

The new Forbes 30 Under 30 Inches will celebrate skinny legends who for so long have gone without proper recognition.

Op Ed: I Will Not be Participating in Senior Takebacks, as I Never Left

It's the time of year when Middlebury seniors partake in boozy, fun-filled romps down the hallways of Stewart, Battell, and Hepburn, joyfully remembering when they were so young and stupid as to live in a freshman dorm. However, this Thursday, I will not be blessing the occupants of Stew 211 with a singular can of Bud Lite (to share!) – I will not be taking back my old haunt – because I never left.

Let me elaborate. I live in Stew 211. The room is mine. Before moving out at the end of freshman year, I built an elaborately constructed fake wall, behind which my dwelling lies. Fools may tell you that I "live in Atwater," that I've been spotted doing laundry and loudly complaining about its fruit flies nearby. This is but an elaborate ruse I have constructed to keep the authorities at bay. Now, with senior week closing in and nothing left to hide, I am ready to live my truth.

I live in Stewart. I am not an RA, I just like it there. I like its blocky shape, its moldy common areas, its proximity to Proctor. I have made myself a nice home there, behind my fake wall. Every semester I reclaim another five square feet. The room's supposed occupants never seem to notice that their room is half the size of their hallmates', and they never hear me pregaming Bar Night with old Jon Stewart videos. Plus, I'm not even the only twenty-one year-old Stew resident, thanks to the men's hockey freshmen.

In short: I have fooled all of you, and it feels great. The payoff has made every cold, dark night's walk from Atwater (my purported home) to Stewart (my real home) worth it. It truly is the little things in life.

Op Ed: Creative Writing is Actually the Hardest Fucking Major

I'm finishing up my senior thesis in Creative Writing right now, and let me tell you–anyone who says CS or Chinese is the hardest major is LYING to you. Those disciplines are all pieces of fucking cake for all I care.

It's REALLY hard work. Like, before the end of the week, I need to turn in FIVE pages of semi-pornographic content about me and my Lithuanian ex from abroad. And then once that's done I'll do a sonnet or two about how badly my hemorrhoids itch followed by an entire page that just says something like PINTO BEANS PINTO BEANS PINTO BEANS PINTO BEANS over and over again in italics. Because it's deep and shit.

But no, it's becoming so hard that I might even start having to work on it… SOBER. I know. Horrifying. Imagine NOT hitting blinkers at your thesis carrel and actually like, sitting down and getting to work.

Yesterday I spent six hours fruitlessly trying to condense the trauma of being an upper-middle class child of divorce into crossword format. Then I cried, jerked off, and wrote a couple stanky-ass pages about crying and jerking off.

WHO ARE YOU?

a quiz for your quarter life crisis

What's your tax bracket?	fuuuuuuck	top 1	huh?
Do you have a commercial drivers license?	no	yes!	I'm a writer
How many dollars to get pegged?	I'll peg you big boy	let's read instead	yes, bring quaaludes

MOSTLY PINK

Jordan Belfort
Former Stockbroker Baddie

rich, sexy, druggy, coke.

LEAKS DOLLARS

MOSTLY LILAC

Mater
Tow Truck

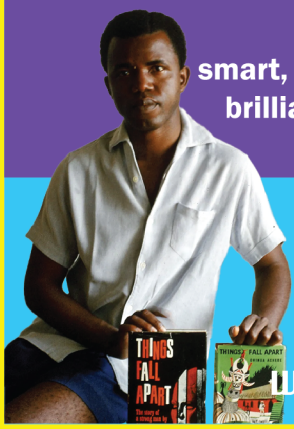
cunty, daddy, tow me.

LEAKS OIL

MOSTLY PURPLE

Chinua Achebe
Nigerian Novelist and Poet

smart, intelligent, brilliant, lovely



LEAKS WISDOM